SOME NEW BOOKS.

Recent Novels

Among the novels lately published in Eng-

land and in this country, A Woman's Reason by William D. Howells (J. R. Osgood & Co.) has obtained and deserved the widest and most respectful attention. With possibly two exceptions, the author must be acknowledged the most skilful workman in this department of belies lettres who employs the English language; and the book before us is, in some respects, the strongest he has produced. It has, indeed, the shortcoming which is more or less conspicuous in all of his stories, and which he seems to consider inseparable from the modern English conception of the novel to wit structural weakness; the absence of a stead! ly evolved and coherent plot. ing to the old theory of the novel, the theory of Cervantes and Le Sage, this species of composition was essentially a drama, meant for the closet, however, and not the theatre, and lending itself, therefore, to some striking differences of treatment, permitting the author. for example, to intervene like the chorus of Greek tragedy, with description and commentary. Nowadays the novelist goes further, and in the superadded function of dees ex machina takes us behind the scenes and puts us in the way of learning things of which nobedy could conceivably be an oar or an eyo witness. It is, in truth, when we think of it, an extraordinary assumption by which novel writers of the school of Thackerny undertake not merely to tell us how a man looked or what he said together with the thoughts or feelings that may reasonably be inferred from his utterance or demeaner in the presence of persons from whom the historian can be supposed to have gained his information, but to reveal even the unspoken musings and secret resolves over which a man broods in solitude. The fundamental aim of fiction being, as it was once thought, to produce illusion, to convey a strong impression of verisimilitude, why, it may well be asked, should a novelist begin by making the task impracticable? Why should be insist upon our swallowing a patent impossibility by pretending to know what it is evident he could neither have seen nor heard? This fundamental difference between the method pursued by Thackeray and his disciples and the method followed by Wilkie Collins, for instance, in those stories where all the facts are communicated to us through letters or diaries benned by the actors, has led to an almost complete transformation in the conception of the work which a novelist essays to do. Thus what Mr. Howells gives us are not stories so much as studies: they are biographics, not dramss, appealing to sympathy, not euriosity, and setting forth, not the involutions of an artful plot, but the fortuitous vicissitudes of a human life, or rather that section of a life which is made in

of character, for the point of view and the aim are alike different, and, so far as the extreme examples of the type are concerned, they have very little in common. This is not to say that the tale weaver who shall know how to combine structure with characterization, whose work shall be at once an absorbing drama and a fascinating psychological study, may not far outshine his compeers, and be, indeed, a kind of Shakespeare among novelists. Just now. however, we have no artist of this quality, and we can best recognize our debt to Mr. Howells by keeping steadily in view just what he seeks to do for us and what he leaves to other hands He is an artist perfectly alive to the capabilities and limitations of his own talent; he feels that he possesses a singularly keen and just perception of the finer shades of character. conceived as the complex and mutable product of the ceaseless interplay of proclivity and environment; and he knows that he can interpret his observations with uncommon delicacy and felicity of touch. He can see and he can guess; and he has the faculty of so manipulat ing the written word as to make us look with his eyes and adopt his divinations. When, accordingly, a man thus gifted makes up his mind to portray certain persons or specific social strata that have come within his ken, it is kind of revelation that he offers us. We may have seen the men and women or the phases of society that he describes, but we have not understood them; and while the first thought, "How natural!" merely attests the recognition of superficial identity with our own reminiscences, the second penetration. A man, for instance, may have lived in Boston all his life and be familiar with one or all of the circles to which he is intro-"A Woman's Beason," and yet, if he is candid, he will own that, after reading Mr. Howells, he comprehends them far better than he ever did before. And then, if we are no mistaken, he will be likely to reflect of what incalculable value such social studies will prove to the future student of New England civilization, and how infinitely richer would be our own knowledge of the past if men had written novels after the fashion of Mr. Howells in the days, let us say, of Sesostris, of Pericles, of

teresting to readers by love and marriage.

It is unprofitable, therefore, to compare the

Nero, and of Charlemagne.

A Woman of Honor, by H. C. Bunner J. R. Osgood & Co.), is one of the most creditable things that has been done in recent years by a New York man of letters. It is a picture of what is technically called society by one who is not only familiar with its surface phenomena, but is able to distinguish, under the mask of uniformity, the original and really interesting beings, who give vivacity and significance to life, from the commonplace persons, whose minds, as well as manners, run sluggishly and tamely in the groove of the hour. The men to whom he presents us, are well bred, and equipped with an adequate knowledge of the world and of books; and his women are ladies, in the conventional meaning of the word. We should add that most of the people who figure in this story dwell, it is manifest, upon a somewhat higher social plane than that on which Mr. Howells has placed his heroine in the novel above mentioned. They would not account it, for example, the characteristic mark of a luxurious household to keep second girl," whereas, on " Beacon Steps, if we may trust Mr. Howells, indulgence i this commodity represents the ne plus ultra of lavish expenditure. The young woman whose refined and captivating face lights up the foreground of Mr. Bunner's sketch has been reared under conditions more sequestered, suave, and gracious than those, which, in "A Wo man's Reason," are held to constitute the very hothouse of feminine perfection. Miss Ruth-ven. indeed, is very much of the grande dame compared with the somewhat contracted experience and rather pert self-assertiveness of Miss Helen Harkness. The former, we submit, would scarcely imagine that she had exhausted the triumphs of society because, like the latter she had "danced through Harvard" with a class of youngsters, who, as they themselve will be swift to acknowledge by and by, can only by a stretch of courtesy be described as men. She would hardly be so naively ig norant of the social standards upheld in other countries as to find it inconceivable that an English peer should not measure at a glance the interval-vast, we are informed, in Bostonbetween a wholesale merchant, whose wares are stored on India wharf, and a vender of the same merchandise at retail in less patrician localities. Miss Ruthven, we apprehend would sympathize with the Englishman's perplexity in presence of such wire-drawn dis tinctions, for the reason that she herself would be unable to appreciate them. Her attitude toward art is also suggestively different from that of the Boston heroine. She takes a genu ine enjoyment in the good work done by those who are artists by vocation, but she has no smattering accomplishments of her own. There is about her the sir of unconscious connoisseurship that comes from dwelling among veritable works of art, whereas, about Miss Harkness's enthusiasms and dexterities there is a lurking suspicion of wax works and

decalcomanie. Aside, however, from the accu-

tate portraiture of a grade of society more

often caricatured than photographed in books, Mr. Bunner has shown much clearness of conoption in the characters selected for minute felineation and whose intershock of tempera nent, prejudice, and feeling give action to his story. Neither should we omit to mark the happy choice of incidents and situations calculated to strike the key note of principle or pasion in particular individuals. We ought also to record the satisfaction with which we find ourselves borne upon the current of a diction which is limpid without being flat, lucid and yet not colorless; which is neither florid nor monotonous, yet repeatedly surprises with its aptness and novelty, and, in short, bears everywhere the marks of patient, capable, and con-

The Grandissimes, by GEORGE W. CABLE IS, If we may use a Gallicism, the first long-winded omposition that the author has essaved. We are not surprised that some of our friends in Boston should be disposed to welcome Mr. Ca-ble's performances with a cordiality perhaps omewhat in excess of their actual artistic merit. This story, like most of the shorter tales and sketches of the writer, is a novel with s purpose. Indeed, the author does not hesiate to avow the heterodox opinion that literary artists should always be inspired by a moral purpose, and should see to it that their didactic aim is unmistakably brought out upon the Now, the othical and which Mr. Cable has

in view throughout his pictures of Louisinna society as it existed at various epochs before the civil war, is to inculcate the moral wickedness and harmfulness of slavery regarded as a fundamental social institution, nd of the easte discriminations based on color that have survived the legal suppression of servitude. It is not, we repeat, astonishing that books which, before the rebeilion, might have been denounced in New Orleans as inflammatory anti-slavery tracts, and which wo believe are even now regarded in that city as injudicious though elequent protests against the species of ostracism to which the free blacks are subjected, should, on the contrary, be hailed with a kind of eagerness in Boston, where Mrs. Stowe's famous novel is still supposed to have had a historical rather than a polemical purport, to have been a clever bit of realism rather than a shrowdly fashioned in strument of propagandism. Of course a painstaking delineation of life on the lower Mississippi under the slavery régime by a native of Louisiann, who, if old enough, may be presumed to have had adequate opportuni-ties of knowing whereof he writes, does make and ought to make a far deeper im-pression on sober and candid minds than Mrs. Stowe's perfervid and fantastic fiction. And if a narrative whose motive should be open to no suspicion, and whose accuracy should be above eavil, were to make the iniquity of slavery patent to every reader, it yould go far to justify the New England abolitionists in their scornful disregard of right which up to the passage of the recent amendnovel of incident and situation with the novel ments, had unquestionably been secured to their Southern fellow citizens under the Constitution. It is undeniable that Mr. Cable's books have a pronounced tendency to relieve the New England conscience from any haunting doubts touching the perfect justice of their dealings with their Southern brethren. But we submit that Mr. Cable's pictures would have been even more effective to that end, would have been more promptly and universally accepted as authentic, if he had not been at such pains to disclaim the impartiality and disinterestedness which we have learned to ook for in works of art, if he had not boldly confessed himself a propagandist, zealous to justify the abolition of slavery, and no less eager to efface the color line of demarcation the results of whose extinction are unhappily

too flagrant in the mongrel populations of Mexico and Peru. Besides the fundamental objection to Mr Cable's conception of the alms of literary art. an objection based upon the observation that a workman's methods will inevitably adjust themselves to his purpose, the introduction of the Louisiana negro dialect is of questionable propriety from an æsthetic point of view. But this, we may be told, is realism. Who, then, can youch for the correctness of the author's reproduction of the French negro patois? We cannot, and we will risk the assertion that none of Mr. Cable's Boston eulogists are qualified by personal experience to pronounce judgment in this matter. And even suppose this jargon were stenographically reported from the lips of Louisiana blacks, we venture to affirm thought," How keen!" involves a confession | that its incessant interjection is out of of our own dim-sightedness and of the author's | place in a story which was certainly not penned for the colored denizons of the Creole quarter of New Orleans, but for the mass of white people who use the English language. The songs the phrases, and, now and then the long stretches of dialogue in dialect are so many obstructions, needlessly interposed between the author and his audience. So far, in fact, as the realism of Mr. Cable's writings depends upon the use of an unintelligible gibber ish, they are not novels at all, but philological curiosities. We may further say that whatever can be affirmed for the local truth of the author's minor sketches, obviously cannot be applied to "The Grandissimes" without important qualifications. For this is an historica novel, a story of New Orleans as it was eighty years ago, and we have no reason to assume that it would be easier to draw a veracious picture of the Louisiana capital than it would be to portray the New York society of the same epoch. Yet we know that the latter task would oo well-nigh impracticable, and certainly

> That the composition of an historical novel is essentially a blunder for those who know how o profitably study their contemporaries was confessed by George Ellot after a single experiment, and it is perhaps an equally unwise and fruitless expenditure of literary talent to lay the scene of a novel in a foreign country with which the writer can by no possibility have any but a very superficial acquaintance. Is it vanity, or is it mere heedless disdain of insupera ble limitations, which now and then prompts a novelist to forsake the narrow field of vision the circumscribed channels of experience to which the thorough and useful knowledge of the most competent and vigilant observer must needs be confined, and to strive to fill his canvas with men and things whereof from the nature of the case, he can know next to nothing? Yet just this is what the author of "One Summer," Miss BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD, has done in her latest story, called Guenn (J. R. Osgood & Co.) It is discouraging enough nowadays even in a French novel to find that the action of the tale takes place in Brittany, for almost every writer of prose fiction, from Balzac and Frederic Soulié down to the most sensational feuille tonistes of the Montepin order, have tried their master or prentice hands on Breton scenery and Breton character. Indeed, it has become hackneyed jest in the Latin quarter to ask each budding candidate for literary distinction whether the romance with which he purposes to startle Paris is not an stud of Brittany. It would not matter, to be sure how stale the thing has become, had Miss Howard been a Breton born, or qualified by long residence among the peasantry and fisher-folk to infuse so much new truth and fresh emotion into her narrative as should make it virtually a revelation. We fail, however, to perceive any proof of such special fitness on the author's part in the book before us. Regarded as a human being, Guenn, the central figure of the book, is distinctly conceived and very effectively embodied, but the tokens of local peculiarities in her temperament and character do not strike us as by any means conclusive. Aside from the occasional employment of a Breton word, regarding whose correctness we entertain some misgivings, this young fisher maiden, with hor innocent ways and her capacity of ribald objurgation, with her luxuriant hair, scarred hands and dirty feet, might be a Highland lassie in the Hebrides, or an Irish damsel in one of the Galway fishing hamlets, or, for that

matter, a Frieslandic, a Danish, or an Icelandic

girl. As to the pivotal incident of the story, it

is a very stale one. A young artist depleted

as a miracle of talent, insight, refinement, and personal magnetism, gets the affection of a poor, rough-handed, but soft-hearted creature, and soon afterward rides away, where upon she is obligingly provided by the novelist with a swift and easy death. It is, in short, a plot which only a very young or very unsophisticated writer would be likely to select. The treatment reveals, however, at times unusual cleverness, and there is, at all events, sufficient promise in the performance to convince us that the author's next book will be better worth reading provided she shall meanwhile learn that intelligent persons care comparatively about her impressions of countries which she can have seen only as a tourist or as a brist ojourner, whereas they might be glad to hear about those types of human nature which are exhaustively known to her. M. W. H.

Gems of Chinese Litterature.

Among the books by which English Sino logues have recently endeavored to give the general reader an inkling of the literary treasares of the Middle Kingdom, a little volume compiled by Mr. H. A. GILES, and called Genes from Chinese Literature (Bernard Quaritch), will be found particularly useful by way introduction to the extensive translations of Dr. Legge. On the score both of plan and execution, this manual is decidedly superio to any other venture of the kind with which we in chronological order, and thus, while illustrating the scope and quality of the writings quoted, they enable us to trace the historical levelopment of Chinese letters. The author begins, for instance, with extracts from the great classic authors of the Chou and Chin dynasties (550 to 200 B. C.), including, of course, Confuius, Mencius, and the most famous exponents of the doctrines of Lao Tzu. He proceeds to give some interesting citations from the great historians of the Han dynasty (B. C. 200-A. D. 200), from the poets, historians, and essayists of the Sung era (900-1200 A. D.), which may be regarded as the Chinese renaissance; and he brings his collection to a close with some excerpts from the writers of the Mongol and Ming dynastics (1200-1516 A. D.), whose rule may be looked upon as a period of gradual literary decay, finally sinking to the medicerity which marks the compositions produced under the present dynasty. As regards the method of translation, Mr. Giles has rightly made strict verbal accuracy his constant aim so far as the reproduction of the author's thought and the original turn of expression are concorned. He has omitted, however, the long strings of unpronounceable proper names, and a multitude of recondite allusions, whose explanation would require volumes of commentary. The result is that his version of selected passages is extremely readable, which is more than can be said for some more ambitious performances. Of the extracts from the discourses of Con-

fucius some have long been familiar, but they

cannot be too often recented, when we remem ber that these sayings were pronounced by a man who was born at least a century before Socrates, and five centuries and a half before Jesus Christ. Among the dicta here quoted is one which his countrymen. In their epoch of literary decadence, seem to have forgotten, namely: "Learning without thought is labor lost." To check men, however, from imagining that the present can be rightly interpreted without a knowledge of the past, Confucius hastened to add that" thought without learning is in-tellectual death." A suggestion full of practical wisdom is the following: ' If you suspect a man, don't employ him; if you employ ilm, don't suspect him." In the next sentence Confucius draws the line between proper deliberation and excessive hesitation: "Chi Wen thought thrice, and then acted. The master said, Twice will do." In other words, seond thoughts are better than third thoughts because the latter are apt to revert to the first impulse. It is well known that Confucius taught no system of philosophy; that with regard to such problems as a future life, and the providential government of the universe, his attitude was almost precisely identical with that of the modern agnostics. It was one of his leclarations that "the study of the supernatural is injurious indeed," and we are told, in one of his discourses, that a disciple, having inquired about serving the spirits of the dead. he master said: "You are not even able to serve living men; how, then, should you serve spirits?" Being further interrogated about death, the master said: "You do not even understand life; how, then, should you understand death?" Here are his definitions of knowledge and charity: "Shall I teach you," aske Confucius, " in what true knowledge consists? To know what you do know, and to know what you do not know; that is true knowledge." A tisciple having desired him to define charity. he said, "Love one another." Being again called upon to define knowledge from an objective rather than a subjective point of view, ie answered, "Know one another." Here is Mr. Giles's version of the Confucian counterpart to the Golden Rule. A disciple having requested a rule of life in a word, the master said: "Is not Reciprocity that word? What rou would not others should do unto you, do not unto them." We think that Mr. Giles rates the ethical value of this injunction too highly. and that the current criticism is well founded which makes the Confucian utterance a merely negative enunciation of the precept expressed in positive terms by Jesus. Confucius, speaking as a worldly legislator, levels his admonition against the commission of injuries, white Christ, whose scheme of ethics originally contemplated the speedy establishment of a kingdom of God on earth, and which has therefore been materially modified by his disciples, since his coming was seen to be continually postponed, enjoined the ceaseless practice of unstinted beneficence. There analogous difference between another of Christ's teachings and the corresponding Confucian monition; and here again it will be observed that the Christian comnunity, since the dream of a millenium was dispelled, has in practice substituted the rule laid down by Confucius for Christ's, Some one asked Confucius, saying, 'Master, what think you concerning the principle that good should be returned for evil?' The master replied, 'What, then, will you return for good?

No: return good for good; for evil justice."

It is curious to find the pessimism of Hobbes and Schopenhauer formulated with precision by a Chinese philosopher, Hsun-Tzu, who wrote in the third century B. C. "By nature." says Hsun-Tzu. "man is evil. If a man is good. that is an artificial result. For, his condition being what it is, he is influenced first of all by a desire for gain. Hence he strives to get all he can without consideration for his neighbor. secondly, he is prone to envy and hate. Hence e seeks the ruin of others, and lovalty and truth are set aside. Thirdly, he is a slave to his animal passions. Hence he commits excesses, and wanders from the path of duty and right. Thus, conformity with man's natural disposition leads to all kinds of violence, disorder, and ultimate barbarism. Only under the restraint of law and of lofty moral influences does man eventually become fit to be a member of regularly organized society." ory that the nature of man is evil has always been heterodox in China; the orthodox optim istic view is set forth in the following extract from Mencius (B. C. 372-289), the great expounder of Confucius, and China's "second sage." We shall observe that Mencius can find nothing better than a China's metaphor by which to support his proposition that a man's innate tendencies are good. It seems that another philosopher, Kao Tzu, while engaged in discussion with Mencius. had asserted that "human nature is like rushing water, which flows east or west according as an outlet is made for it. For human nature makes indifferently for good or for evil, pre cisely as water makes indifferently for the east or for the west." Mencius replied, "Water will, indeed, flow indifferently toward the east or west, but will it flow in lifferently up or down? It will not; and the tendency of human nature toward good is like the tendency of water to flow down. By splashing water

and by turning its course you may keep it for use on the hill side; but you would hardly speak of such results as the nature of water; they are, of course, the results of a force majeure. And so it is when the nature of man is divorted toward evil."

From the proverbial philosophy of the Chiiese, which is on a scale commensurate with other branches of their voluminous literature, Mr. Oiles quotes a number of maxims, which are either identical with the household aphorisms of Western nations or only differ in respect of local color. Thus, the Chinese say Prevention is better than cure; As the twig is bent the tree's inclined; Better a living dog than a dead lion; When the cat's away the rats play; It is the unexpected that happens. The lowing are cited as being peculiarly in flavor; indeed, to appreciate some of them it s needful to bear in mind the social institutions of the Middle Kingdom. It is asserted for instance, that "Women share adversity better than prosperity;" that "A man thinks be knows, but a woman knows better;" and that 'A stupid son is better than a clover daugh-Another proverb admonishes us: bow at all, bow low;" a second that "Medicine cures the man who is fated not to die;" and a third that "Only imbedies want credit for the achievements of their anocators.

Vorses English and Spaulsh.

I. In an attractive little volume bearing the pigraph Lyrical Recreations (London: Macmilian) Mr. Samuri, Wand has given proof of posessing one of the most graceful accomplish ments covoted by men of culture-the power of writing agreeable and finished rers de societé. The technical definess and felleity which mark many of these poems, and the pleasing absonce in them all of anything like slovenliness of execution, attest a patient study of the best models from Horace to Heine and an assimilative faculty that seems truly noteworthy whon we learn that the author's first venture in verse, as he himself assures us, was made at the age of fifty-two. There is, indeed, in some of these lyrical experiments a neatness and compactness which it might be hyperbole to term Horatian, but which demonstrate a keen appreciation of the specific merits of the best Latin verse. There is in others an airiness of touch not unworthy of a faithful disciple of Béranger. It is not to be supposed, however, that these modest compositions are offered by the author to his friends under any misconception of their place in literature; he is far from presuming to figure in the choir of those singers whose accents enchant the ear and remain a joy forever; he means these slight performances to be taken for precisely what he calls them, the recreations of a man who loves poetry well, and would prove the sincerity of his fondness by doing some unpretentious, but careful, work of his own. It will be made manifest, we think, by some of the lines that we purpose culling from this volume, that Mr. Ward has earned no lowly place among those yrists of the drawing room with whom such a man as Praced hold it honor enough to rank Here, for example, are three stanzas which embody a graceful apology for the quality of the entertainment to which the reader is invited: When in my walks I meet some raidy lad

Or swarthy man with tray behalen head Whose smile entreats me, or his visage as To buy the images he moulds for bread, I think that, though his poor Greek Slave in chains, His venus and her Boy with plaster dark, Be like the overn grinder's quavering strains, But farthings in the currency of art;

Such coins a kingly effigy still wear.

The painted vellum hallows not the Prayer, Nor ivory nor gold the crucifix. In the following lines we have a charming glimpse of Tennyson at his home:

He dwells in Briton's fairest isle. Within an Myskirtled pile. Gray as its Saxon age: 'Mid flower-brocaled turfs that he On closik cliffs like the minstrelay That broidereth his page. He dwells afar from Caerleon, Where Arthur's dawning glories shone, Where Arthur's dawning giories and a.,
Nor near to Camelot;
Though in his walks the spectral throng
Of Palarians applicad his soong,
While weeps Sir Launcslot.

'Twas there I heard his silver voice In spells his pen had cast rejoice, And saw its tones evoka. The calm procession of his Dream Of Women Fair until the stream of sing by night was broke.

Next day, at evening's favoring tide, I left the lide, and by his side, To speed the parting guest.

Stood she who held in either hand A flaxen child with guiden band Clayped round a crimson vest. As on them burned day's crange klow, My fancy pictured I vanhoe, When love had crowned his joys;

Rowens, in the bloom of The mother still with bea Of his two Saxon beys.

Mose rose Pendennis, when he cast ills petals on our northern blast. To seen its wintry breath. Swore thou alone of living men Within his widels reaching ken Wouldstiong survive thy death.

Another came, whose sparkling glow Might vie with the inspiring flow Of Rhone or farry Rhine. And yowed thou work no anchorite. For once he saw those half the night The cup with garlands twine.

II. We are glad to see that the Messrs. Putnam have been called upon to publish a second edition of the collection of poems bearing the title of The Blind Canara, by Mr. H. F. McDen. Only those tolerably familiar with the book trade know how rare it is for a volume of verse, even when commended by the name of Morris or that of Swinburne, to reach a second edition, and the fact that such a demand is attested in this instance shows that the author has found the way to the heart of the people. It is easy to see why this should be so. Among the poems here brought together some undoubtedly betray imperfections of workmanship, but such occasional shortcomings are far outweighed by the sincerity and earnestness of the feeling expressed, and the directness and spontaneity by which, as a rule, the utterance s characterized. According to the definition framed by Mr. Matthew Arnold, poetry, whatever else it be, must at all events possess two elements—it must be simple and it must be emotional. That is why the school of Burns is certain to long outlive the school of Boileau and Pope, and it is one of the gains of our generation that critics have learnedite distinguish between rhymed prose on the one hand, and song on the other. The author of "The Blind Canary" lays no claim to an esoteric taste in poetical technique, or to hyper-refinement of culture, but, in his unaffected way, he is a singer, and that explains why he has found a wider audience than some who are perhaps more erudite students of classic and medieval verse, and more expert manipulators of the intricate mechanism of metre, rhythm, and rhyme. That there is genuine and worthy work in this little volume will be made manifest, we think, by an excerpt or two from the pocies of ode which gives a name to the book, and from a homely but touching poem called Last Upon the Roll." We quote, first, some

tanzas from "The Blind Canary." Sweet singer to my dreams,
My blind canary
I dwell upon the liquid note
That fills thy little breast and throat,
And comes forth piping, full and airy,
Reaching far and far away
To some dreamy twilight day,
Whose virgin star with softness beams
On fairy dell and fairy.

Dost sing the joys of warmer climes.

Dost sing the joys of warmer climes.

My little stranger?
These changelese green Canary Isles.
Where ever long the summer smiles
On tamering and forest ranger?
On those green lajes lapped by the sea
Peremisla blooms thy parent tree.
Par from man's sins, far from his crimes.
And far from danger.

The Yucca and the vitton tree
Thou knowest no more:
The gravas sweet no more:
The gravas sweet no more will never more by thee be seen;
Thy treids note no more will pur
O'er mange, point, and asphodel.
And penugrannte and anreate bed,
No more, my bird, by vision's free
To see thy native shore.

When lo, the plante of an fail beath
In duck descense.
Upda the couch where life is run,
And ende chivson's night began.
E'er set the smill its casement rends.
The lights of ficaven pass in praises.
And wanting longesther police renew;
Such scenes are thine, to which thy breath
its storeties lends.

Let us now still further recommend the work you may indeed cause it to fiv over your head. I of this native song writer by some lines full of

the pathos which is always discovered by the sympathetic eye in honest and lonely age: She sits at the open window on a calm September day, And out on the mead before her she watches the girls at play. On hor face a breeze blows gently and kisses her locks

And she thinks of the days when she was young, seventy The fields are green as they were then, and the hig old rocks as gray. The land and say are as fair to see, the sun has as mild a The drowsy kine rest on the hill, the sheep skip to and

Just as they did when she was young, seventy years ago She looks at her shrivelled fingers, and she smooths her me looks at her shrivelled fingers, and she smooths her wrinkled hand.
And the old, old love somes back to her as she studies the groden band.
That dear old ring is loose and thin since first he placed it there.
And at love's shrine he said, "Be mine," and knell with her in prayer.

A little beyond the playground, on the slope of yonder hell, the dim eyes mark the gravestones where there she loved he still.

And her thoughts have silent nursing, and her soul a silent grief.

And her teart is the bier on which her sorrow finds relif.

And her staff is lifted slowly, and she moves around with For her darlings now are sleeping—she might wake them And the gropes around to find them, and to bless them in her soul.

Till a whispercoines, "We wait, mother; you are last upon the roll." III.

It is something more than a highly creditable tour de force that has been performed by two Cuban gentlemen, Messrs, Francisco and Antonio Sellen, by reproducing in Spanish verse some of the lyrical masterpieces of England. France, and Germany. Not only is the purport of the original conveyed with an accuracy that we must pronounce remarkable, when we bear in mind the difficulty of transplanting a flower so delicate as poetry to an alien soil, but an effort is made to preserve as far as possible the vehicle of expression, and—though this is even loss practicable—the characteristic cadence and molody. Here, for instance, are the initial lines of the prisoner of Chillon:

Cano esta mi cabello, no por años Ni en en una soia noche in encancoldo. Como en otros mudanza de esta suerte Un subito tenor ha producido. Mis miembros enco: vazos y se e miras, No al pesa del trabajo; en vil reposo, En la prision oscura se encevaron. Fui en destino el de la almas tristes a quience de la tierre el tien supremo, La luz y el sire libre, fui regado.

And here is the counterpart of the well-known introduction to the "Bride of Abydos:"

Conocea el país donde florecan El mirto y el elpres—mudos emblemas Del cello y del amer—donde la furia Del buttre y de la toriola el arrullo Ya en el todor se fonden, desparecen, Ya hasta al crimen froncisco se exaltan?

The author of this Spanish version of select ions from Lord Byron is Señor Antonio Sellen, to whom also we are indebted for translation from Alfred do Musset, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Gautier, and other French poets of the present century. As an illustration of the author's expertness in rhyme-the more noticeable because Castillan poets are allowed a license in this respect not tolerated in other languages-we may take the following bit from

Magica flauta invisible Remedia a los rulseñores; La cancion mas apacible La modulan los pastores. El aura suil murmura Y son sus notas suaves; El canto de mas ternura Es el canto de las aves Que es la caucion mas he La caucion de los amores

It is Senor Francisco Sellen, the brother of the translator above quoted, who, in his Ecos del Kin has made known to his countrymen some of the most charming of German lyrics In such brief extracts as we can here permit ourselves we shall again recur to versions of such poems as either in the original or in English translation are most familiar to the reader. Here is the Castilian counterpart of Heine's "Du hast Diamanten und Perlen." The author makes no attempt at rhyme, but i will be found that his lines may be wedded to music well nigh as easily as the original;

Tienes diamantes y perina, Cuanto puedes anhelar; Bellisimos ojos tienes, Amor mio, quieres mas? A tus bellisimos ojos No he cesado de rimar Un mo tras otro mo Amor info, quieres mas? Con tus bellisimos ojos Me has podolo atormentar Tanto, que ai flo me acabaste. Amor mio,quieres mas?

We will still find room for two or three stangas from a happy transfer to Castilian of a bal lad of Uhland's, which has been repeatedly presented in an English dress. Here the rhythm of the German is admirably reproduced:

WE CASTILLO JUN O AL MAR. lias visto el alto Castillo. El Castillo junte al mar f

Nubes doradas y rôseas He miran sobre el cruzar. "Si, he visto el alto Castillo, El Castillo junto al mar: Sobre el la luna he mirado Y en torno brumas dotar." Y con su esposa alli arriba Al rey no viste pasar, Brillar su corona de oro Y el rojo manto ondular?

Y a hermosissima doncella No guiaban con amor; Como et sol resplandeciente Onbello de aureo fulgor?

'A entrambos padres he visto: Iban sin corona, si; Traje de luto vestian, Mas a la joven no vi!''

IN COREA. Arrival of the First American Missionaries.

From the Christian Advocat The ladies of our party were, so far as we could ascertain, the first American ladies who stepped upon the eastern coast of Corea. Two by two we walked through the winding lanes, past the wails of mud and cobblestones which enclosed the back yards of a Corean house, until we came into the main street where there were few shops, but nearly all were houses, These were one-storied, thatched roof, and fronting the street; had one door and one window, provided sometimes with a single

These were one-storied, thatched roof, and fronting the street; had one door and one window, provided sometimes with a single shutter opening upward and sometimes with two shutters opening sideways.

There was no glass in the windows. The floors were smoothly polished. Occasionally they were covered with straw matting or a thin layer of wood. In the sides of the mud-and-stone walls of the houses dark, smoky openings could be seen. These openings, we were told, served for chimneys. Underneath the floor is an arched brickwork, in the hollow of which, during the cold weather, a fire is made, when the heated air warms the entire flooring, and circulates through the sides of the will of the house, until it escapes at the sooty opening already mentioned.

The clothing of the men was usually white, and generally made of homespun grass cloth. It consisted of a sort of jacket and a pair of trousers made in loose zouve fashion. Their head was adorned with a black transparent, broad-brimmed hat of horsehair, through which a knot of hair about three or four inches high could be seen. Occasionally this grass cloth was of a light shade of blue or green.

The women were very short-walsted jackets and full-gathered skirts. Their hair was parted in the middle and smoothly combed. The general appearance of these Corean women was more like that of Europeans than either the Chinese or Japanese.

The hair of the youth and young men of Corea is worn parted in the middle so long as they are unmarried. As soon as they become husbands their hair is tied in a knob on the top of their heads, just as the Chinese did in their native Ming dynasty, and as the Taoist pricests in China do to-day.

In all towns there are schools, but the buildings are small, hardly large enough to accommodate twenty-two scholars. Not more than one-fifth of the boys attend school. The girls do not go to school. The roofs of the school rooms are so low that one could not stand except in them if he had his hat on. The scholars had no dosks or tables but wrote on t

POETRY OF THE PERIOD.

Lines to a Cypriste Air. I twist the kness of Hercules. I rejuvenate the Aphinx; Give me plaster and wood, and I make good All sorts of missing links; Miscellancous legs with white pine pegs I tack upon trunks of stone; f a warrior begins to shake on his pins, I give him a brass shin-bone. Oh, the arr of the plaster and pins,

For I'm an antiquary.

Oh, who would ask a pleasanter task Than renewing Venus's charms, Or improving, by dint of scrubbing, the tint Of beauty's rounded arms ! I think it a joke to put in sonk
Some placid old petrified priest. Then turn out his toes, and straighten his nose And make him look tidy, at least Oh, I patch without leaving a sign-And the public are quite unwary!

The art that is artful and wary.

The art that conceals art is mine, For I'm an antiquary. I've a simple plan for building a man, And making odd members fit; If a bead doesn't match the body you snatch, Why, saw down the body to it with whitewash and gine, making good as new The shabblest statuettes,
I give every stone a finish and tone

I skilfully intervary ; The art that conceals art is mine, For I'm an antiquary. HENRY TYRRELL

My Little Brown Pipe I have a little comforter I carry in my pocket; It is not any woman's face Set in a golden locket; It is not any kind of purse,
It is not book or letter,
But yet at times, I really think,

That it is something better. Ohl my pipe! My little brown pipe! How oft at morning early, When vexed with thoughts of coming toll And just a little surly, I sit with thre till things get clear, And all my plans grow steady. And I can face the strife of life

With all my senses ready. No matter if my temper stands At stormy, fair, or clearing, My pipe has not for any mood A word of angry ancering. I always flui it just the same In care, or joy, or sorrow, And what it is to-day, I know

It helps me through the stress of life, It balances to my losses; It adds a charm to household joys, And lightens household crosses. For through its wreathing, misty vell Joy has a softer splendor, And life grows sweetly possible, And love more truly tender.

Oh! I have many richer joys! And every man knows what I mean. I do not need to state them But this I say: I'd rather miss
A deal of what's called pleasure. Than lose my little comforter, My little smoky treasure! LILLIE E. BARR.

Alanschar on Wall Street.

Alnaschar on Wall Merces.

From the Judge.

Alnaschar itrued to enjoy again
The tints of the dainty porceiam.
Vases were there that might grace the board
Of Babylon's caliph or Persia's lord;
Those tiny cups would be fair between
The finger tips of the harm's queen;
The greatest gent scarce could choose
A daintier set for their master's use—
So fine, a rose lesf would leave a stain
On the delicate gloss of the porceiam.

Alnaschar scanned his beautiful ware, And he framed a vision upon it there. Almachar seamed his beautiful ware,
And he framed a vision upon it there.
He knew it was rare, of costly price;
He saw it was wrought with a strange device
And said: When the calph shall see my ware,
He will own it regal and passing rare;
He will call his slaves and buy it straight,
Weighing each cup with a golden weight.
So shall I thrive, when years have gone,
A thousand slaves shall attend my pride.
A prince's daughter shall be my bride—'
And so, with gesture of head and hand.
He followed his fortune from land to land,
Till the first link snapped in his fancy's chain,
As he swept to the earth his porcelain.

Almaschar died, but his spirit still is seeking to rea; where he did not till. Wealth and fortune and fame remain wasped in a future he camot gain. If you have the water state of the camot gain. Freighted with possible argosics: There he water he did not flow off cold humanity come and go—Learned in the lessons misfortunes teach, Gaining a goal that he could not reach—To these, Almaschar, is all in valin. The lesson taught by the porcelain.

The lesson taught by the porcelain.

Almaschar atands on the busy street, Bravely hoping against defeat.

Frondly he watches the stocks ascend, His fancy pressing them to the end.

Every dollar that they go up.

Adds to his store another cup.

He looks at the boardful porcelain,

He looks at the boardful porcelain,

He purp may may in now—

I have been surely never so low—

I have been surely never so low—

I have been surely never so low—

I have been they fall I'll buy and they hundred—

Heat a want some surely never so low—

Then I'll have fortune in a y mand;

Then I'll have fortune in a y mand;

Then will I out me house and land—'

No the bright thus of fancy glow.

Till values strink and margins up.

And where strink and margins up.

And poor Almaschar mourns again

Mis shattered heap of porcelain.

Almaschar's fittel spirit still
Seeks to reap where he did not till;
The gold of drastic in pited in heaps,
While he, who should be protect it sleeps;
Fortunes grow for the protect it sleeps;
Fortunes grow for the behind.
But the castle huider is left shind.
Values vary like eth of tide.
But he is siranded on either side.
Frince's slaughter and troops of slaves
End but sadly in early graves.
Till the weary leason is taught again
By other fragments of porcelain.

The School Marm's Story.

From Treasure Trope. A freaty chill was in the air— How plainly I remember— The bright autumnal fires had paled, Save here and there an ember; The aky loused hard, the hills were bare, The aky loused hard, the hills were bare, That it had come—November.

I locked the time-worn school house door,
The village seat of learning.
Across the emostly well-trodden path
My homeword footsteps turning;
My heart a troubled question bore,
And in my mind, as oft before,
A vexing thought was burning. Why is it up hill all the way !"

Fine ran my meditations:
The lessons had gone wrong that day,
And I had lost my patience.
'Is there no way to soften care,
And make it easier to bear
Life's sorrows and vexations!" Across my pathway, through the wood, A fallen free was lying; On this there sat two little girls, And one of them was crying I heard her sob: "And if I could, I'd get my lessons awful good, I'd get my lessons awful good,

And then the little booded head Sank on the other's shoulder. The little weeper sought the arms That opened to enfold her. Against the young heart, kind and true, She nestled close, and neither knew That I was a beholder.

And then I heard—ah! no'er was known
Such judgment without malice.
Nor queenter coincil ever heard
In senate house or palace!—
I should have failed there, I am sure.
Don't be discouraged: try once more,
And I will help you, Alice."

"And I will help you." This is how To soften care and grisving; Life is unde easier to hear By helping and by giving. Here was the answer I had sought, And I, the teacher, being taught. The secret of true living. If "I will help you" were the rule,
How changed beyond all measure
Life would become: Each heavy load
Would be a golden treasure;
Palm and vexation be forgot;
Hope would prevail in every lot,
And life be only pleasure.
Wolstan

Hurrah for the Man Who Pays !

From Texas Siftings.

There are men of brains who count their gains. By the million dollars or more:
They have and sell, and really do well.
On the money of the poor.
They manage to rest quite deep in debt.
By various crosked ways;
And so we say that the man to day.
Is the honest man who pays.

When in the town he hover sneaks down Some a lay or way lack street. With lead or early and the work deflect, But beldly each man and work deflect. He counts the cost before he is lost in debt's they come man. And he never buys in manner onwise, But calls for his bill and pays.

There's a certain air of debonnair
in the man who buys for easil;
He is not afraid of being betrayed
By a jack-ieg shyster's dash.
What he says to you he will certainly do,
if it's cash or thirty days;
And when he soes out the clerks will shout,
liurrah for the man who pays?
Dice Sym DICK STREET. CALIFORNIA'S NEW EXCITEMENT

Eggs Thrown on the Steps of San Franch City Hall-A Judge Fined \$500.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 1 .- There is no end

complications in the Hill-Sharon case; not

there likely to be an end until the original so perhaps accompanied by some of its at shows, gets into the Supreme Court of t United States. It will, Judge Finn fanci reach that high tribunal at last. Its latest o come is a fine of \$500 imposed upon one Althea Hill's lawyers, who has been adjudg guilty of contempt of court. A part of drama previous to the court scene was enac on the City Hall steps on Sunday afterno last, William M. Neilson, a reporter who he espoused Althea Hill's cause, had a nounced his intention to speak on the City Hall steps upon "California Behin the Scenes," and it was known that h would handle the police without gloves, an perhaps utter many things that would be uppaintable to ex-Senator Sharon. A large mutitude gathered accordingly. Neilson begas and some roughs on the outer edges of the gathering pressed in toward him, keeping the hands in their overcoat pockets, but they mad no demonstration until he legan to warm uin his denunciation of Sharon and the Chief of Police. Instantly there was a shower of unmerchantable eggs, and that part of the multitude which was not in sympathy with throwdies set up the shout. Sharon's money? Thereupon Neilson made tyot more victorous attack upon the ex-Senato and the police, and arraigned the Grand Jurfer presenting Athea Hill. At this point, with imprecations and shouts of derision, the roughs flung more eggs at the speaker and their supply running short, they sen a committee out to get more. The gang meantime, got themselves into the middle of the multitude, and there they shouted and drowned the speaker's volce. Nevertheless he was heard to say that an influential member of the police force had got an office by stuffing ballots, and that another policeman who was high in authority had hissed it into his (the speaker's ear that he should ere long find lodgings in San Quentin prison. Neilson went of the speaker's lear that he should ere long find lodgings in San Quentin prison. Neilson went of the speaker's lear that he should ere long find lodgings in San Quentin prison. Neilson went of the system of the garthrowing crowd, applauded. Noilson now told his hearers that the police nad purposely been kept away from this meeting, and there was a new shower of eggs. A young man shouted, "Give Neilson a show!" and instantive the roughs sprang upon him. The young fellow struggled desperately, knocking down three of his assailants before he was corpowered. He backed up the stops, lighting as he went, the roughs pummed their victim, but several had the temerity to blow their police wh City Hall steps upon "California Behin the Scenes," and it was known that h would handle the police without gloves an

of whistles. A citizen went to look for one, but could not find any.

The newspapers of the interior of California, which are just coming to hand, do not hesitate to characterize the mob as a disgrace to the State, and the Los Angeles Eccuing Express takes a wido range in expressing its opinion:

As every one knows, the ex-Nevada Senator is a man of enormus wealth, gained largely as a "longuing speculator in Constock mines and stocks. We also say that he is using this mency discriminately to influence public opinion and the machinery of the courts, because we have no means of a certaining the facts; but, if he were so employing it, the indications would be about what they now are. Miss lilli may be an impostor, and her suit for a divorce from Mr. Sharon may be a part of a cumingly contrived scheme of blackmail. If she has committed forgery she ought to be and doubtless will be punished. But she ought to be and doubtless will be punished. But she ought to be and doubtless will be punished. But she ought to be and doubtless will be punished. But she ought to be and doubtless will be punished. But she ought to be and doubtless will be punished. But she ought to be and doubtless will be punished. But she ought to be and outsides will be punished. But she ought to be and outsides will be punished. But she ought to be and outsides will be punished. But she ought to be and outsides will be punished. But she ought to be and outsides will be punished. But she ought to be and outsides will be punished. But she ought to be and outsides will be punished. But she ought to be and outsides. There is something very indecent and precipitate in this indictinent, as the matter stands.

as the matter stands.

The other scene in this vexed litigation, of which I have spoken, was in courtbefore Judge Toohy on Tuesday last. Judge Tyler had been summoned to be runished for contempt the sending a communication to the Grand Jury, wherein there was an intimation that ex-Senator Shuron had been influential in procuring Althea Hill's indictment. Judge Tyler denied the right of the court to punish him for any communication he might have made to the Grand Jury; but the Court insisted that it had that right, and then Judge Tyler denied that he sent a communication to the jury while it was in session; but he went on to say:

I did believe at that time that a most cowardly and a

that right, and then Judge Tyler denied that he sent a communication to the jury while it was in session; but he went on to say:

I sid believe at that time that a most cowardly and a most infomous cutrage was about to be perpetrated on my client by the tiron was about to be perpetrated on the control and pay of William St. as I believed, under the control and pay of William St. as I believed, under the control and pay of William St. as I believed, under the control and pay of William St. as I believed, under the control and pay of William St. as I believed, under the control and pay of William St. as I believed, and the control and pay of William St. as I believed, and the control and pay of William St. as I believed, and the control and the pay of the control of the proceedings of this woman, attempting to crush her and prevent her from having a fair bearing before the said tribunals, was as intamoss an act as was ever perpetrated in the judicial proceedings of this State.

The upshot of the proceedings after this outburst was that Judge Toohy imposed \$500 fine upon Judge Tyler, with the alternative of 250 days in prison. A deputy sheriff approached Judge Tyler to excort him from the court room to the Sheriff's office.

Where's your order?" reared Mr. Tyler, turning fleresly upon the deputy.

"I haven't got any."

"Then, sir, don't you to lay a finger on me!"

"Your prisoner's excaping, "some one yelled, and the deputy sidled up to Judge Toohy saying."

"Then, sir, don't you to lay a finger on me!"

"Your prisoner's excaping, "some one yelled, and the deputy sidled up to Judge Toohy saying."

"The is in your custody," said the Court.

The deputy sudden't saw that he had been bluffed, and determined to vindicate his official dignity. He made a dash for the door, but Mr. Tyler had already disappeared down the stairs. The deputy started after him. The multitude followed pellmeil, lu Kerny street, when the characters in the drama reached the sidewalk, the scene attracted people from blocks around. Tyler fled alon

WINDING CLOCKS.

Men Who Make a Business of Regulating Big Timekeepers, Owing to the universal adoption of the new standard time in this city, the regulation

of the emmense number of public and private clocks that are regularly cared for by experts from the various large establishments in the from the various large establishments in the city was necessary. The city time is regulated by a paid official, and the time of the Stock Ex-change by Mr. Ladd. More than 400 clocks by a paid official, and the time of the Stock Exchange by Mr. Ladd. More than 400 clocks each are regulated by Tiffany & Co. and Benediet Brothers. Most of these are private clocks, varying in value from \$100 to \$1,500, and they are regulated every week. Mr. Lindauer of Tiffany & Co. said: We regulate fine clocks in the houses of Mr. William H. Vanderbilt and his son. Mr. William K. Vanderbilt. The Mesers, Lorillard have exquisite clocks, which we will regulate and so have the Astors. The finest and most expensive clock in the country is that in the Parker House. At Sixth avonue and Thirty-second street. It has a lovely Westmioster chime of great value. It registers the movements of the planets, the rise and fall of the tides, and does not miss leap year, so perfect is its calendar. It marks sunrise and sunset, and gives the time in the principal places in the world. It is something of a job to set that clock. Then Mr. Brown, the carriage manufacturer, has a superb clock with chimes in his residence, at 49 West Thirty-second street. These four little minutes mean a great deal of careful work for us, and it will be several days before the task is accomplished."

Mr. W. E. Taylor of the Ansonia Clock Company, who has charge of the chicks regulated by Benedict Brothers, said: "We wind, regulate, and keep in repair about \$50 clocks. Some of these clocks control the motions of a great many people, such as the clocks of the New Jersey Central, the Delaware and Lackawanna, the American Express Company, Altman, Macy, McCreery, and other large stores where large numbers of mon are employed. Take the Polamater from Works, for instance, where there are 200 men. If the clock varies a minute a day, the variation in the time of one man for a day and a half. When I went to put the clock mack to meet the standard time, the men said I ought to have gone in the morning, when they began work. We generally wind our clocks once a week. It is a common thing for me to wind and regulate about 120 clocks in a day. I believe old Mr. Ben